THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 4, 1803.

HISTORY *of* CAPTAIN WINTERFIELD.

(Continued from Page 254.)

A Party of men were now ſent to ſearch the wood, and to bring an account of the ſavages: and Captain Winterfield gave particular directions, that if either of them yet ſurvived he might be brought into camp, and if poſſible cured of his wounds, as the means of diſcovering whether this ambuſcade had been treacherouſly formed; inſtances having often occurred, in the courſe of this unhappy war, where the affectation of loyalty had occaſioned a fatal confidence in the unſuſpecting ſoldier, who was frequently drawn into ſuch ſituations, by theſe diabolical machinations, as admitted no poſſibility of eſcape.

In conſequence of theſe orders, two of the ſavages, who had been only ſlightly wounded, were brought away, and cured in leſs than three weeks: but nothing of treachery appeared to have actuated theſe unhappy wretches, who were only out on a hunting party, when they were ſeduced by the hope of plunder to make the fatal attack. They ſeemed full of contrition for their paſt conduct, and grateful for the attention which had evidently been paid to their recovery; and as one of them, in particular, apparently poſſeſſed every requiſite qualification for an active, faithful, and even affectionate domeſtic, Captain Winterfield took him into his ſervice, and treated him with all imaginable kindneſs; but in leſs than two months, though they were kept conſtantly unarmed, and in general cloſely watched, they found means to effect their eſcape.

During this time, Colonel Bellinger grew rather worſe than better; and the ſurgeon, deſpairing of reducing the principal fracture, recommended the application of the trepan, which the colonel vehemently oppoſed. Captain Winterfield perceiving

that the cure would probably be as much defeated by the adoption of an operation to which his friend could by no means ſubmit without the moſt alarming apprehenſions, as from the total neglect of this meaſure, however profeſſionally adviſeable, ſeconded the colonel's reſolution with much apparent confidence; aſſerting, that he had known worſe fractures totally healed, by a more patient proceſs, under a far leſs ſkilful ſurgeon. This declaration had its full effect, both with the ſurgeon and his patient: the former politely, though faintly, acquieſced in foregoing his intention, under a bare poſſibility, as a return for the captain's compliment to his ability; and the latter, tranquillized by aſſurances ſo conſonant to his wiſhes, ſubdued by degrees that impatience and perturbation of mind, which had greatly contributed to retard his cure.

Colonel Bellinger, in his firſt intervals of recollection, after expreſſing his gratitude to Captain Winterfield for an attachment which he could never reward, had preſſed on him the acceptance of an inſtrument, in which he bequeathed him the ſum of three thouſand pounds, as a teſtimonial of his friendſhip. Indeed, the captain was perpetually with his friend; and the knot of amity was, if poſſible, ſtill cloſer drawn, as well by the dangers and ſufferings they had both experienced, as from the kind conſolations they had in their turns mutually received and adminiſtered.

The colonel had been confined to his tent about ten weeks, when word was one morning brought by the officer who commanded a foraging party the preceding evening, conſiſting of twenty men, that a band of at leaſt a hundred ſavages had chaſed them to within half a league of the camp, and appeared to be on the look-out for ſuch ſmall parties. Captain Winterfield, who was preſent, expreſſed his indignation at being haraſſed by theſe petty aſſailants; and immediately ordering out a hundred men to follow unperceived at a ſmall diſtance, advanced himſelf with only ten, toward the ſpot where they were firſt diſcovered. This was near five miles diſtant from the camp, and they had not proceeded far beyond the place which had been deſcribed, when upwards of a hundred ſavages ſuddenly appeared, and came on to the attack with great fury. Captain Winterfield, with his little party, made a ſhew of retreating, ſtill keeping up a running fire, till he perceived his corps de reſerve, when they immediately turned on the purſuers; and, after leaving near thirty dead on the field, put the reſt totally to flight. Captain Winterfield and his troops now continued the purſuit, and had juſt come up within reach of the fugitives, when a new ambuſcade, conſiſting of at leaſt fifteen hundred, ſuddenly iſſued forth from an adjoining wood, and in an inſtant cut off the foremoſt of their enemies, including the brave captain, whom the few who

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eſcaped beheld fall, after a gallant reſiſtance, amidſt heaps of his ſlaughtered adherents.

This melancholy cataſtrophe plunged the unhappy colonel into an abyſs of ſorrow. He refuſed every ſpecies of conſolation, and was the next day ſeized with a fever, which continued with unabated violence for three weeks: at the end of which time his wounds were in a more dangerous way than ever, and the ſurgeon deſpaired of a recovery. Youth, and a good conſtitution, however, in about ſix months, ſo far prevailed, that his wounds were nearly healed; but he was adviſed by his ſurgeon, as well as by the commander in chief, to go to Europe with the next diſpatches, for the perfect recovery of his health. An opportunity ſoon offered, and he arrived ſafely in England.

Immediately after the calamity which deprived him of his ineſtimable friend, Colonel Bellinger had written to Mrs. Winterfield a letter of condolence on the loſs of her brave and worthy ſon, in which, incloſing an order for the immediate receipt of two hundred pounds, he mentioned his intended legacy to the captain, and his reſolution of making that ſum the future portion of his little daughter. But the pen of friendſhip was incapable of ſufficiently ſoftening the fact. Mrs. Winterfield bleſſed the generous and benevolent mind that dictated the friendly epiſtle, ſhe recommended her lovely orphan to the protection of Him who is the Father of the Fatherleſs, and died of a broken heart, the ſecond day after receiving the fatal intelligence!

He had then alſo written to his lady, for the firſt time after his own misfortune, the particulars of that affair, repreſenting to her the amended ſtate of his health, and his total relief from every apprehenſion of danger. But a far different account had previouſly reached her ear: it had two months before been confidently aſſerted, in all the public prints, that Colonel Bellinger, and his whole corps, had been ſurprized and cut to pieces near the banks of the Illinois; and that the ſcalps of the brave colonel, and his principal officers, had been preſented to congreſs by the Indian chiefs on a day ſpecified. This relation was the only one ſhe ever received; her unceaſing regrets, from the firſt moment of his departure, had long left but a ſlender thread of life to divide, and that thread had for ſome weeks been ſeparated when the colonel's letter arrived.

Theſe unhappy circumſtances were in a few days made known to Colonel Bellinger; and they occaſioned an immediate relapſe, which for a long time ſeemed to render ineffectual the ſtruggles of a vigorous conſtitution, and the arts of medicinal aid: their united efforts, however, once more prevailed; and he at length ſufficiently recovered to viſit his own country, where he determined to ſpend the remainder of his days.

He accordingly reſigned his commiſſion, diſpoſed of his ſeat in Norfolk, and, purchaſing a neat villa near the ſea, in the weſt of Scotland, retired with his little family to this ſequeſtered ſituation.

Having fixed his reſidence in a moſt delightful ſpot, he ſet out for Montroſe, that he might add his adopted daughter, the child of his lamented friend, to his little houſehold, being determined to educate her in the ſame ſtile as if ſhe were properly his own. But how great was his aſtoniſhment and horror to find, that though Penelope, on the deceaſe of her grandmother, had been taken under the protection of a worthy miniſter at that place, ſhe had been ſeized and carried away from her guardian by the crew of a privateer, as they were one evening walking by the ſea-ſide, a few days before his arrival.

With a new ſource of affliction, he returned to his ſolitary manſion, and endeavoured to diſpel the melancholy which oppreſſed him, by applying for conſolation to that ſacred repoſitory of comfort which, though he had never even affected to contemn, he had for ſome years but too much neglected: he took on himſelf the inſtruction of his little ones, and made religion the baſis of their education. In this moſt delightful employ he ſpent much of his time, but no attention was wanted, on his part, for the diſcovery of indigence and diſtreſs, nor were any means in his power neglected for their relief.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING TRIALS.

Trials of Colonel Deſpard and his Accomplices for High Treaſon.

(Continued from Page 247.)

IT was well ſaid by the noble and learned judge, in his addreſs to the grand jury, that it was not becauſe a ſtory was improbable that it was therefore not entitled to belief; but, that in proportion to its improbability, a jury was bound to require more cogent evidence. This obſervation raiſed an increaſed reſpect in my mind towards that venerable judge. It was moſt applicable to the cauſe you are called upon to try. If this is an improbable caſe, it is your duty to require more cogent evidence to ſubſtantiate it. That it is an improbable one, no one who has heard the evidence can for a moment doubt. It appears that not more than fourteen perſons were aſſembled at an ale-houſe, with no other weapons but tobacco-pipes, and that their object was to overthrow a government ſupported by as many millions. Had they any foreign connections? No attempt

tempt has been made by the evidence to infer ſuch a theory. At the moment this mighty blow was to be ſtruck, it appears, they were deſtitute of means, and expected no aſſiſtance. Reſources were talked of, to give an air of credibility to the deſign; but if there was any foundation for it in point of fact, how happens it that we have had no proof of a correſponding conſpiracy in other parts of the country? The invention of Cervantes, with regard to the extravagancies of Don Quixote, is nothing, compared with the folly of the heroes of the Oakley Arms. How was the plan to be put in execution? With the enormous ſum, as I have already mentioned, of fifteen ſhillings and eight pence in the conſpirators' treaſury. With what arms? not a pike, or a gun, or a ſword, or any inſtrument of offence. The tower was to be taken; the mail coaches ſtopped; the king was to be attacked while ſurrounded by his guards, ten times more numerous than all the conſpirators; the bank was to be inveſted; the two houſes of parliament were to be taken poſſeſſion of, and all this by fourteen men in *buckram!* It has been ſuppoſed that Colonel Deſpard ſhould have ſaid, "that if no one elſe would do the deed, his ſingle arm ſhould attempt it."—Is this probable? I think I have demonſtrated to you, that no ſcheme ever was more improbable. Are we to be told, that a government reſting on a foundation calculated to make it endure for ever, is likely to be deſtroyed by a conſpiracy formed at a low ale-houſe? The whole conſpiracy has been developed, and yet it has not been ſhewn that any man of the leaſt power or conſequence ſupported it. If this be ſo, are you to be contented with the evidence of four men who are entirely unworthy of credit? You may aſk me, do I mean to contend that no traiterous conſpiracy exiſted? I admit that; but the queſtion is, whether the priſoner at the bar is a traitor? I believe there were people who thought it would be a good thing if they could ſeduce the army to their intereſt, but they had not got to the length of determining what they ſhould do with that army after they had ſeduced it. The attorney-general has ſuppoſed that it was contrition which made the witneſs, Windſor, diſcloſe the conſpiracy to Mr. Bownas. I rather think it was becauſe he found his treaſon impracticable, and he was therefore the more infamous in endeavouring to ſeduce others. I know of but one being who can be compared to him. It is that evil ſpirit which is ſuffered to exiſt to deceive mankind. What credit can you give to a man who would ſeduce another into a ſituation of danger, in order to betray him? It may be aſked, if treaſon exiſted, to whom does it belong? I ſay the nature of the treaſon betrays its low origin. It has manifeſtly been hatched by thoſe who were not capable of looking to diſtant objects. It is the treaſon of thoſe enthuſiaſts, who do not contemplate the obſtacles they may meet with. It cannot have proceeded from the mind of a man

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who muſt have been ſenſible of its impracticability. It could not be the ſcheme of Colonel Deſpard, who I will ſhew you is a man of education. He may be a man irritated by diſappointment; but unleſs he is deprived of his reaſon, it is impoſſible he ever could have entertained ſo wild a project. I will ſhew you, that he has been a ſoldier from his youth; that he has formed extenſive ſchemes of conqueſt and defence, in the ſervice of his country; that he has been placed in ſituations in which it was neceſſary for him to calculate on the chances of military ſucceſs. If I was allowed to enumerate his particular ſervices, I could ſhew you that he has braved every danger a malignant climate and a determined foe could preſent: that he has led the armies of this country, in company with the gallant Lord Nelſon, and has entitled himſelf to the thanks of his ſovereign and of the colonies whoſe tranquillity he ſecured. He then obſerved upon the infamous characters of the witneſſes, Blades, Windſor, Francis, and Emblin, and particularly dwelt upon the atrocity of Francis, who came forward as a witneſs, not only againſt the priſoner, but his own brother. He ſaid he had an idea of contradicting their evidence, but that he conceived it of ſuch a nature that a jury could not attend to it. He then dwelt upon the amiable character of the priſoner, obſerving that his former good conduct was incompatible with the atrocious charge alledged againſt him—*Nemo fuit repente turpiſſimus.*

The firſt witneſs called for the priſoner was Lord Nelſon: he was examined by Mr. Gurney. His lordſhip ſaid, he knew Colonel Deſpard; that it was twenty-three years ago ſince he ſaw him. He became acquainted with him in Jamaica, when he was lieutenant of the true blues, when the French were expected. There from his abilities as an engineer, he was employed on very important ſervice.

The Lord Chief Juſtice ſaid, he was ſorry to be obliged to interrupt his lordſhip, but the court could not with propriety hear the ſtory of this gentleman's military life; but his lordſhip, from his obſervation of what he ſaw, might give his opinion upon his character.

Lord Nelſon ſaid, that he and the priſoner were on the ſame ſpot together in Jamaica in an expedition, and had ſhared together the fortune of war; had made up their bed together, and ſlept in their clothes on the ground together, and had examined the enemy's walls: on all theſe occaſions the priſoner had conducted himſelf with a ſteady and determined courage, and no man could ſhew more zeal and attachment to his ſovereign and his country. He concluded with ſtating, that from every thing he had ſeen of him, and from what he thought of him, he would ſay, that if he had not heard of him for the laſt twenty years, and was aſked what he thought of him, he would ſay, if he is

alive, he is certainly one of the brighteſt ornaments of the Britiſh army.

Upon his croſs-examination by the attorney-general, his lordſhip ſaid, that he had not known any thing of the priſoner ſince the year 1780; that he had heard of the charges againſt him, but knew nothing of them, and that, independent of thoſe charges, he had no reaſon to ſuſpect him.

General Sir A. Clarke was then called; he ſaid, he knew the priſoner extremely well, that he was in the ſervice when he (the witneſs) was governor of Jamaica, and that he was a very ſerviceable officer. He ſtated ſome parts of the priſoner's conduct when he proceeded to the Bay of Honduras, where he behaved with ſingular propriety. In ſhort, he always conſidered him as an intelligent, good, loyal ſubject, and a very brave, active officer.

On his croſs-examination by the ſolicitor-general, he ſaid, he had known nothing of the priſoner for the laſt thirteen years.

Sir E. Nepean ſaid, he had known the priſoner ever ſince the year 1784, and had always entertained a great reſpect for him, until he was apprehended in conſequence of ſome ſuſpicions that fell upon him. When the priſoner came from Jamaica, he was recommended to him with ſuch ſtrong teſtimonials of merit in the ſervice, that he became intimately acquainted with him, and frequently invited him to his table, and always entertained the greateſt opinion of him, believing him to be a man of the moſt perfect and honourable character, until ſuſpicion fell upon him, the grounds of which ſuſpicion he was never acquainted with; but for the laſt four or five years, in conſequence of theſe ſuſpicions, that intimacy had been diſcontinued.

On his croſs-examination, by Mr. Serjeant Shepherd, he ſaid, he had not known, or had any intercourſe with the priſoner, ſince he became an object of ſuſpicion: but the ſubject of that ſuſpicion he was totally unacquainted with.

Serjeant Shepherd aſked the witneſs whether he now believed the priſoner to be a man of good character? He replied, that the only reaſon he had for entertaining any doubt upon the ſubject was, that the priſoner had fallen under the ſuſpicion of government, and that if he had not been ſuſpected, he ſhould have thought him a man of good character.

Mr. George Long was then called, but did not appear.

The evidence for the priſoner being cloſed,

Mr. Gurney roſe to ſum it up to the jury. He ſaid, it would be unneceſſary to enlarge upon the ſubject, as his learned friend who had preceded him, had ſo ably and ſo eloquently diſcharged the arduous taſk which had been aſſigned to him. He contended that the overt acts which had been laid in the indictment ought to be proved by two creditable witneſſes, but in this caſe there

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was no evidence of any overt act manifesting an evil intention, independant of the evidence of the accomplices. It was true that accomplices had been examined in cases of treason at all times, and had been held to be not only competent, but creditable witnesses, from the nature of things, because conspiracies could not be developed without such an examination; but it had always been held that it was necessary that their evidence should be confirmed by other witnesses in some respects. At the trials of the persons who were concerned in the rebellion in 1745, and in the attempts made to restore the house of Stuart, it was true that the accomplices were examined, but they were very different kind of men from those who were examined as accomplices in the present case. They were men of good and noble intentions, acting under a misguided judgment, their's was a pure attachment to the person of him whom they considered to be their lawful prince, and therefore, though they were rebels in the eye of the law, yet they were men of moral, good conduct, and entitled to credit. But the accomplices who had been examined in the present case were men of a very different complexion. The learned counsel then commented upon the manifest improbability, that a man in such a situation in life as the prisoner, should engage in so desperate and so absurd a proceeding as that which was imputed to him; but the improbability was still greater, when the very excellent character which had been given to the prisoner, by such exalted persons, was taken into consideration. He then adverted to the case of the gunpowder plot, in which, he said, many persons had fallen victims, in consequence of the prejudices which had prevailed against them; and he trusted that no prejudice should be suffered to operate against his unfortunate client. He concluded with expressing his confident hope, that upon a full and impartial view of the case, the jury would be induced to acquit the prisoner.

The Lord Chief Justice then asked the prisoner if he wished to make any observations in addition to those which had been made by his counsel?

Mr. Despard replied, that he was perfectly satisfied with the exertions which his counsel had made for him, and therefore he would not trouble the court with any observations.

The Solicitor-General then rose in reply. We lament, from the great length of the trial, that we can give only a short outline of his speech: he said, that in making the observations which his duty as one of the counsel for the crown called for from him, he felt considerable anxiety, because he had to deliver his sentiments in a court, and upon a subject in which he had not much experience. He was impressed with the strongest feelings of the importance of the present case, but he felt great consolation in the discharge of his duty, when he reflected, that

he was addreſſing a careful and intelligent jury, under the direction of a court which was perfectly able to give them every information that was requiſite, would make every obſervation which the nature of the caſe required, and who would ſupply all the defects that might appear from the bar on either ſide. This trial, although it had occupied a great deal of time, in the diſcuſſion, yet, as it appeared to him, involved no very intricate queſtion of law, nor contained any difficulty with reſpect to the inference which was to be drawn in point of fact. The charge in the indictment againſt the priſoner was, that of compaſſing, imagining, and intending the death of the king; or of ſeizing, detaining, and impriſoning the perſon of the king, or of depoſing him from his throne and dignity. By a law which had paſſed ſome time ago any act for the furtherance of theſe purpoſes, was declared to be a ſubſtantive act of treaſon, and when the jury applied the evidence which had been given to the law which had been laid down (ſubject to the correction of the learned bench) it would, he apprehended, be their duty, painful as the diſcharge of that duty might be, to pronounce the priſoner guilty. He then proceeded to comment upon the degree of evidence which the law required to prove an overt act of treaſon, which he explained in a very clear and diſtinct manner. The learned ſerjeant (Beſt), had quoted a paſſage from Monteſquieu, to prove that words in themſelves could not amount to an act of treaſon; but, in anſwer to this, he would quote what, in his opinion, was much more ſatisfactory doctrine to be laid down in an Engliſh court of juſtice, and what was certainly a much better authority than the ſpeculative ethics of a foreign writer. He alluded to the language of Lord Holt, upon a trial in ſome reſpects ſimilar to the preſent; he meant the aſſaſſination plot againſt the life of King William. Upon that trial, that learned judge was aided and aſſiſted by other learned judges, who concurred with him entirely in the opinion he had laid down, viz. that words in themſelves, when not ſpecifically applied to any particular object, could not amount to treaſon; but that words of perſuaſion, or of incitement to other perſons, to commit acts of treaſon or rebellion, were inconteſtibly overt acts of treaſon.—That doctrine had been uniformly recognized ſince that time, and had been diſtinctly recognized and quoted by that great authority, Mr. Juſtice Foſter. He contended that witneſs Emblin could not properly be conſidered in the light of an accomplice. He might be deemed a weak and imprudent man for attending ſuch meetings, but it did not appear that he took any ſhare in their proceedings. The learned gentleman then read the evidence which had been given by the witneſs Emblin, and contended that it proved inconteſtibly, that the priſoner not only attended, but was active at all the meetings; he then recapitulated the evidence of other witneſſes, who had

poſitively ſworn to various acts of treaſon on the part of the priſoner, and obſerved, that their evidence had been corroborated, in many material points, by witneſſes to whoſe teſtimony there was not the ſlighteſt objection. He relied particularly upon one ſentence which had been uttered by the priſoner, and which had been proved beyond the poſſibility of a doubt, viz. "that his mind was made up, and that his heart was callous." This expreſſion was not only ſworn to by the accomplices, but they were confirmed by the landlady at the Flying Horſe public-houſe, who declared that ſhe was in the bar, and heard the priſoner uſe that expreſſion. The learned gentlemen of counſel with the priſoner had contended that the whole of the ſtory was extravagant, and therefore improbable. He ſaw the ſubject in a very different point of view, becauſe though the conſpiracy might appear extravagant to men diſpaſſionately conſidering the ſubject, yet there was nothing extravagant in it in the view which the priſoners had of the ſubject, viz. that they ſhould be able to corrupt and ſeduce the army. That was their object, and in that they had ſtrong confidence of ſucceſs. That they were diſappointed in their expectations was certainly a circumſtance highly fortunate for the country; but entertaining, as they did, that hope, all the reſt of their plan was reaſonable enough. For one of their objects was to take poſſeſſion of the bank; now this could have been done with facility, if the army had been corrupted. Another object was to take poſſeſſion of the tower; this certainly would have been practicable, if the army had been ſeduced. They had determined to conſummate their wickedneſs by the deſtruction of our beloved ſovereign, which deteſtable purpoſe might alſo have been effected, if the army had been corrupted. Entertaining, therefore, as they did, the hope that they ſhould be able to corrupt the army, their plan was by no means ſo extravagant as had been ſtated. The extravagance, therefore, which appeared in this conſpiracy, was only an extravagance of wickedneſs. Some reliance had been placed by the counſel for the priſoner, on the character which had been given to him by ſeveral diſtinguiſhed perſons. It appeared, certainly, that at one time the priſoner had obtained a very high reputation and character, but the jury muſt perceive, that it was of much too ancient a date to have any weight upon this caſe. Viewing the caſe as he did, he had no doubt but that the jury would find the evidence irreſiſtible, and that they would be under the neceſſity of pronouncing the priſoner guilty. At all events, he was ſure that their verdict would be ſuch a one as would give ſatisfaction to themſelves and their country.

(To be continued.)

Sketch

Sketch of the Life and Poſthumous Writings of William Cowper, Eſq.

By WILLIAM HAYLEY, *Eſq.*

THE life of this exemplary and admirable man is calculated to excite many pleaſing and many painful emotions; and we ſhould entertain but a bad opinion of that perſon's ſenſibility, who could peruſe the narrative now before us, without feeling the blended ſenſation of affection, of reverence, and of compaſſion. It exhibits our nature in a near advance to perfection, and yet in conſequence of the action of ſome phyſical cauſes, from their minuteneſs not to be aſcertained, and from their power not to be reſiſted, in a ſtate of the moſt deplorable abaſement. It ſhows to us the pride of intellect in cloſe union with its ſhame, and it ſadly convinces us, if the ſpectacle of the human world had left us in doubt about the melancholy fact, that even innocence and holineſs of life, the love of God and of men, preſiding as the actuating principle of the heart, cannot always preſerve the ſunſhine of the mind, while it is impriſoned in this fleſhly nook, and controuled by the mechaniſm of the body. A diſarrangement of the brain, which ſhall mock the moſt curious ſearch of the anatomiſt, or an affection of any of thoſe innumerable branches by which this immediate organ of life diffuſes its vitality through our frames, may diſorder the ſight of the imagination, and inflict upon virtue all thoſe terrible pains and penalties which are properly attached to guilt. If this were to be permanent, we might with reaſon queſtion the juſtice of the Moſt High: but the ſufferings of virtue are but for a moment, and work for her a far more exceeding weight of glory; while thoſe of guilt—of unrepented guilt, are the harbingers only of others more intenſe and more abiding.

The author of the Taſk was of a family which, for ages, had been reſpectable, and which, in the beginning of the laſt century, attained to the honours of the peerage in the perſon of William Cowper, promoted to be lord high chancellor of England. Spencer Cowper, the chancellor's younger brother, who held at the ſame time the two offices of judge of the Common Pleas and of chief juſtice of Cheſter, and John Cowper, D. D. the judge's ſecond ſon, who was rector of Berkhampſtead, in Hertfordſhire, and one of George the Second's chaplains, were the grandfather and the father of the ſubject of our narrative.

Our author was born in the rectory-houſe of Berkhampſtead, on the 26th of November, 1731, and experienced the misfortune, before he had completed his ſixth year, of loſing his mother (the daughter of Roger Donne, Eſq. of Ludham-hall, in Norfolk), who died in child-bed, and whoſe affection he has feelingly recorded. After a ſhort continuance at a country-ſchool in Mar-

ket-ſtreet, in Hertfordſhire, he was ſent to Weſtminſter, where he remained till, in his eighteenth year, he was placed in the office of an attorney, of the name of Chapman.

From the houſe of Mr. Chapman, where he reſided three years, he removed to chambers in the Inner Temple, and ſet up as a profeſſed practitioner of the law. The law, however, as a ſtudy or a profeſſion, was always the object of his diſlike; and he was diſqualified, by an extreme fineneſs and ſenſibility of mind, for the tumult and contention of a public life. His diffidence urged him to retirement, and his imagination courted the ſociety of the muſe. During his reſidence in the Temple, he numbered among his principal friends the eminent characters of Lord Thurlow, Mr. Joſeph Hill, Bonnel Thornton, Colman, and Robert Lloyd: with the latter three he had been at ſchool; and the intercourſe of friendſhip, which he had begun with them at Weſtminſter, he ſteadily maintained till the concluſion of their lives. At the age of thirty-three he was appointed reading-clerk, and clerk of the private committees in the Houſe of Lords; but his defective nerves incapacitating him for any office which required him to read in public, the firſt of theſe places was exchanged, by the intereſt of his friends, for the appointment of clerk of the journals of the ſame houſe of parliament. In this new office it was concluded, that no public exhibition of himſelf would be neceſſary: but, unfortunately, ſome parliamentary caſe demanded his appearance at the bar of the houſe; and his utter inability, from alarm, to comply in this inſtance with his duty, obliged him to relinquiſh his place. Happy for him would it have been, if the loſs of fortune had conſtituted, on this occaſion, the whole of his calamity! the impreſſion of terror was ſo powerful as to oppreſs his reaſon, and to leave him in a miſerable ſtate of mental diſorder. In this deplorable condition he was removed to St. Alban's, where he remained, under the care of Dr. Cotton, from December, 1763, to July, 1764.

His mind now began to emerge from the cloud which had overwhelmed it; and he went to reſide at Huntingdon, the ſituation of which allowed him a ready intercourſe with his brother, John Cowper, a clergyman, and a reſident fellow of Bennet College, in Cambridge.

At Huntingdon, our ſequeſtered poet formed a friendſhip with Mr. Unwin, a beneficed clergyman, who lived in that town, into whoſe family he was admitted as an inmate, and with whom he continued till death effected their ſeparation. Mr. Unwin was killed by a fall from his horſe, in July, 1767; and in the following October his widow and our author removed to Olney, in Buckinghamſhire, where they lived, with an united houſehold, for nineteen years.

The amity between theſe amiable and virtuous perſons was memorable for its ſtrength, its purity, and its duration. For

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the ſpace of thirty-one years, it ſubſiſted with increaſing force, till the infirmities of age ſummoned Mrs. Unwin, the Mary of Cowper's muſe, from a life in which ſhe had been eminently uſeful to her unhappy friend, as his guardian and nurſe during the long and miſerable viſitations of his afflicting diſorder. From Olney our poet made his firſt public appearance as an author. During his reſidence in the Temple, his compoſitions were either inconſiderable and never publiſhed, or were diſtributed among his friends, and not ſent into the world with his name. Much of the ſpace between this early period of life, and that advanced ſtage of it to which our narrative is now brought, was loſt in wretchedneſs of mind; and his convaleſcent and more lucid intervals were engaged with occupations, which offered amuſement without intellectual effort, or an approach to fatigue. Speaking of this portion of life, in a letter to one of his friends, he ſays, "I have ſpent my time in the country, where my reading has only been an apology for idleneſs; and where, when I had neither a magazine or a review, I was ſometimes a carpenter, at others a bird-cage maker, or a gardener, or a drawer of landſcapes."

At the age of fifty, the ſolicitations of Mrs. Unwin and of another female friend, whoſe taſte he reſpected, and whoſe influence he acknowledged, induced him to devote his powers to poetic compoſition; and the two volumes of poetry, with which the public has been ſo juſtly pleaſed, were the reſult of his fortunate exertions.

On the completion, in 1784, of his ſecond volume, which includes the Taſk, he undertook the tranſlation of Homer, and finiſhed it, with the interruption of eight months of indiſpoſition, in 1790.—The reviſion of this work, for a ſecond edition, employed him in the ſhort breathing times, indulged by his afflicting malady, during the remaining years of his life. In 1780 he left Olney, for a more convenient houſe, and a pleaſanter ſituation, in the neighbouring village of Weſton; and here he continued, till the melancholy ſtate of his mind, and the infirmities of Mrs. Unwin, who now required that aſſiſtance which ſhe had ſo long been accuſtomed to give to the calamitous condition of her friend, made their removal to the houſe of a relation in Norfolk, a meaſure of prudence and of medical experiment.

This event occurred in 1795, and it formed the laſt change of worldly reſidence which our poet was deſtined to experience. After lingering under the moſt dreadful deſpondency, in a few years, which were ſoothed by the unremitting attentions of his affectionate kinſman, Mr. Johnſon, he cloſed an exemplary life, diſtinguiſhed by no varieties of fortune, but alternately overcaſt and illumined by the effects of diſeaſed and of vigorous imagination, on the 26th of April, 1800.

In 1794,

In 1794, Lord Spencer, whoſe character includes all that is benevolent and amiable, procured for this excellent man a penſion of 300l. which was become neceſſary for the protection of his declining age from poverty; but ſuch, from this period, was the oppreſſion of his diſorder, that he was inſenſible of the benefit which he had received, and of the hand by which it had been beſtowed.

ACCOUNT *of the* BURYING BEETLE.

THE ſubjoined manners of the burying-beetle, is taken from M. Gleditch, a well known writer on natural hiſtory.

This gentleman had at different times obſerved, that moles which had been left upon the ground after they had been killed, very unaccountably diſappeared. He therefore was determined to aſcertain by experiment, if poſſible, what could be the cauſe of this ſingular occurrence.

On the 25th of May, he accordingly obtained a dead mole, which he placed on the moiſt ſoft earth of his garden, and in two days he found it ſunk to the depth of four fingers' breadth into the earth: it was in the ſame poſition in which he had placed it, and its grave correſponded exactly with the length and breadth of its body. The day following this grave was half filled up: and he drew out the whole cautiouſly, which exhaled a horrible ſtench, and found, directly under it, little holes in which were four beetles of the preſent ſpecies. Diſcovering at this time nothing but theſe beetles, he put them into the hollow, and they quickly hid themſelves among the earth. He then replaced the mole as he found it, and having ſpread a little ſoft earth over it, left it without looking at it again for the ſpace of ſix days. On the 12th of June, he again took up the ſame carcaſe, which he found in the higheſt ſtate of corruption, ſwarming with ſmall, thick, whitiſh worms, that appeared to be the family of the beetles. Theſe circumſtances induced him to ſuppoſe that it was the beetles that had thus buried the mole, and that they had done this for the ſake of lodging in it their offspring.

M. Gleditch then took a glaſs cucurbit, covered with a cloth, was placed on the open ground, and in the courſe of fifty days the four beetles interred the bodies of four frogs, three ſmall birds, two graſshoppers, and one mole, beſide the entrails of a fiſh, and two morſels of the lungs of an ox.

Of the mode in which they performed this very ſingular operation, the following is an account. A linnet that had been dead ſix hours was placed in the middle of the cucurbit; in a few moments the beetles quitted their holes, and traverſed the body. After a few hours, one pair of the beetles only was to be ſeen about the bird, the largeſt of which was ſuſpected to be the male. They began their work in hollowing out the earth

from under the bird. They arranged a cavity the ſize of the bird, by puſhing all around the body of the earth which they removed. To ſucceed in theſe efforts, they leaned themſelves ſtrongly upon their collars, and, bending down their heads, forced out the earth around the bird like a kind of rampart. The work being finiſhed, and the bird having fallen into the hollow, they covered it, and thus cloſed the grave.

It appeared as if the bird moved alternately its head, its tail, its wings, or feet. Every time that any of theſe movements were obſerved, the efforts that the beetles made to draw the body into the grave, which was now nearly completed, might be remarked: in effecting this, they jointly drew it by its feathers below. This operation laſted full two hours, when the ſmalleſt or male beetle, drove away the female from the grave, and would not allow her to return, forcing her to enter the hole as often as ſhe attempted to come out of it.

This beetle continued the work alone for at leaſt five hours; and it was truly aſtoniſhing to obſerve the great quantity of earth that he removed in that time; but the ſurpriſe of M. Gleditch was much augmented when he ſaw the little animal, ſtiffening its collar, and exerting all its ſtrength, lift up the bird, make it change its place, turn, and in ſome meaſure arrange it in the grave that it had prepared; which was ſo ſpacious, and ſo far cleared, that he could perceive exactly under the bird all the movements and all the actions of the beetle.

From time to time the beetle, coming out of its hole, mounted upon the bird, and appeared to tread it down; then returning to the charge, it drew the bird more and more into the earth till it was ſunk to a conſiderable depth. The beetle, in conſequence of this uninterrupted labour, appeared to be tired; leaning its head upon the earth, it continued in that poſition near an hour, without motion; and it then retired completely under ground.

Early in the morning the body was drawn entirely under ground, to the depth of two fingers' breadth, in the ſame poſition that it had when laid on the earth; ſo that this little corpſe ſeemed as if it were laid out on a bier, with a ſmall mount or rampart all round, for the purpoſe of covering it. In the evening the bird was ſunk about half a finger's breadth deeper into the earth; and the operation was continued for near two days more, when the work obtained its final completion.

A ſingle beetle was put into the glaſs cucurbit with the body of a mole, and covered, as before, with a fine linen cloth. About ſeven o'clock in the morning, the beetle had drawn the head of the mole below; and in puſhing the earth backward, had formed a pretty high rampart around it. The interment was completed in this inſtance by four o'clock in the afternoon, a ſpace of time ſo ſhort, that one could ſcarcely have imagined poſſible by ſo ſmall a creature, without any aſſiſtance, conſider-

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ing that the body of the mole muſt have exceeded it in bulk and weight at leaſt thirty times.

While engaged in theſe experiments, a friend who wiſhed to dry a toad in the ſhade, fixed it to a ſtick which he ſtuck into the ground. When it began to putrefy, the beetles, allured by the ſmell, having looſened the end of the ſtick that was fixed in the earth, brought it to the ground, and they then interred both the toad and the ſtick together.

Account of the Origin of the Knights of Malta.

THE knights hoſpitallers of St. John the Baptiſt were the firſt religious knights in Chriſtendom; having obtained leave from the caliph of Egypt, they built a monaſtery at Jeruſalem, and dedicated it to the Virgin Mary; hence they obtained the appellation of knights of St. John of Jeruſalem.

Thoſe monks of Jeruſalem (or rather knights), for the greater eaſe and relief of ſuch pilgrims as came to viſit the ſepulchres, &c. at Jeruſalem, built an hoſpital and a chapel to the honour of St. John Baptiſt, their patron; thoſe hoſpitallers in the year 1099, when the city was taken by the Chriſtians, began to grow rich, powerful, and to be held in high eſteem, both with Godfred and his ſucceſſor Baldwin, kings of Jeruſalem; their order was confirmed by Pope Honorius the Second, and they bound themſelves by vows to chaſtity, to be hoſpitable to all Chriſtian pilgrims, and defend Chriſtianity againſt the infidels.

They follow St. Auſtin's rules, and inſtead of canonical hours repeat ſo many Pater Noſters. They go armed, having a belt, with a white croſs, over which they wear a black cloak, with a white croſs; many of them in time of peace, wear a black, though in war all wear a red croſs. They have a grand maſter, who is choſen among themſelves. Their firſt maſter was Gerard, their ſecond Raymond de Podis, choſen in the year 1103; and almoſt in every province they have a prior. Every one now, who enters this order, vows to God, Virgin Mary, and St. John Baptiſt, obedience, poverty, and chaſtity. They muſt not buy or ſell, make wills, or alienate any part of their property, from the community. None but of the Chriſtian religion are admitted, and thoſe muſt be nobly deſcended, and in good health, and not under eighteen years of age.

They are divided into three ranks, prieſts, ſerving-men, and knights; when Chriſtian princes are at variance, by the rules of the order, they muſt be neutral. Pope Adrian the Fourth exempted them from paying tythes to the patriarch of Jeruſalem, who claimed them as his due; Pope Alexander the Third, for their ſervices againſt the infidels, exempted them from tythes and church dues, in thoſe days a conſiderable ſum. At length, in

the year 1299, theſe knights were compelled, by the governor of Damaſcus, to quit Syria; and the European powers, by reaſon of their inteſtine quarrels and diviſions, could not or would not afford them any aſſiſtance; and the knights landing in the iſland of Rhodes, drove the Turks out, and made good their footing againſt all oppoſition 214 years; from this they were called knights of Rhodes.

From this iſland they were driven by the Turks, in the year 1527, and for two years were continually on the remove; firſt to Candia, belonging to the Venetians; ſecondly, to the duke of Savoy; from thence to Sicily, which belonged, as well as Naples, at that time, to the Emperor Charles, who was engaged in a war againſt the Turks. He, conſcious that they might harraſs his enemies more at Malta, gave them that iſland, in the year 1529, and they aſſumed the title of knights of Malta, which they retain to this day.

The grand maſter's revenue is 10,000 ducats yearly, and the tenth of all goods taken at ſea. He is ſubject in ſpirituals to the pope only, and in temporals to ſecular princes.

SPARTAN ANECDOTE.

THAT venerable ancient, Antalcidas, a Spartan, being about to enter into the prieſthood, was aſked by the prieſt what action worthy of renown he had performed during his life. He replied, "If I have performed any, God himſelf is acquainted with it." How noble an inſtance of modeſty! How exalted a notion of the Deity! And ſurely nothing can be more fooliſh than to imagine by the commemoration of our actions, to recommend ourſelves to the Deity, who has the cleareſt knowledge of their value and worth.

Anſwer, by J. B. Chivers, Teacher of the Mathematics, St. Auſtell, to Cleon's Queſtion, inſerted November 15.

LET yX, 5X, and $3x$, denote the depth, greater diameter, and leſs diameter reſpectively; and let alſo, 13,860, the content in inches, be put = to b, and 7854=a; then per Hutton's Menſuration we get $343ax^3 = 3b$ = the ſolidity : $x = \frac{3b}{343a} \Big| = 5.3$ nearly: Hence $7x = 37.1$. in. the depth, $5x = 26.5$ in. the greater diameter, and $3x = 15.9$ in. leſſer diameter. 1-3d

Note.—Owing to the decimals not terminating in the laſt place, the above dimenſions give the content = 59.311 &c. wine gallons, which is ſomething leſs than the given content.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LINES WRITTEN BY MOONLIGHT.

FAIR orb of night! whoſe lucid beam
Has ſilver'd o'er the Tamer's tide,
Where rides the warlike bark, at once
A monarch's and a nation's pride.

From out thy bold, impetuous ſtream,
Lo! Edgcumbe's lofty turrets rais'd,
'Midſt groves and lawns where oft I've ſtray'd,
As oft, fair Anna! thy image prais'd.

Reclining o'er yon pendant ſteep,
That crowns with mantling brow the vale,
I've ſeen the friſking lambkins play,
And liſten'd to the wood-dove's tale.

Where oft in ſummer's day I've watch'd
Each furling wave with eager eye,
And eke the boat light ſkimming far,
But, ah! alas! thoſe pleaſures die.

By Luna's light, thou beauteous maid!
Firſt taught my youthful breaſt to burn,
Say, what avails the thought? Thou'rt gone,
And I alone am left to mourn.

Plymouth-Dock. SPERANS.

ODE, *occaſioned by the Atheiſtical Tenets publicly avowed in France.*

By the late Rev. HENRY MOORE, *of Liſkeard.*

"IS there a God?" the ſceptic cries,
Profanely daring, and abſurdly wiſe.
Aſk the loud thunder! Aſk the lightning's glare?
When terror riding on his fiery car,
Flaſhing thro' the blue profound,
Shakes the vaulted heav'ns around:
Or aſk the troubled deep,
When oe'r the ſurge the dire tornados ſweep,
Bid the vex'd ſurface into mountains riſe,
And wild confuſion mingles waves, and ſkies;
While the poor pilot, pale with dread,
Sees ghaſtly death hang foaming o'er his head;
Trembling ſhe'll tell, what awful pow'r preſides
To ſink or ſwell to rage her hoarſe-reſounding tides.
Aſk of the ſkies, who form'd their ſhining frame?
Who rang'd the ſtarry legions in array?
Who thro' the void elanc'd the comet's flame,
And from its golden fountain pour'd the day?
Who bends the concave of the ſev'n-fold bow?
Who gives the riſing morn its roſeate glow?
In tenfold darkneſs now involves the ſphere;

While

While ſtalk terrific thro' the dreadful night
Rav'ning death, and pale affright,
And ſhake the ſhiv'ring heart with frantic fear?

Are proofs of pow'r too weak? Behold around
Bounty profuſe, and love that knows no bound!
For thee, ungrateful man! his fav'rite care,
He ſhed a thouſand charms on nature's face,
All ſweetly blended—the ſublime, the fair,
Order divine, and ſoul-enchanting grace.
Cloth'd the gay paſtures with enliv'ning green,
Arch'd with embow'ring ſhades the ſylvan ſcene;
Swell'd the high mountain with majeſtic pride,
Slop'd the deep vale, and down its winding ſide
Bid many a freſh rill flow, that murm'ring ſtrays
Moſt muſical in many a waving maze.
For thee his vernal zephyrs play,
And in rich colours blooms the flow'ry May;
For thee his handmaid nature's ſhow'rs around
Her ample ſtores, and loads the gladden'd ground;
For thee his moons their ſilver beams unfold,
And ſuns with regal grandeur blaze in gold.
Yet man, with reaſon blind, perverſe of will,
Caprice his guide, and luſt his law,
Still prone to interdicted ill,
Nor love can melt, nor pow'r can awe.
Of Heav'n's unnumber'd bounties while poſſeſs'd
The goodneſs he blaſphemes, that makes him bleſs'd:
Weak reptile! dares with impious pride
Oppoſe th' Omnipotent's command,
Nor ſuffers his uplifted hand
To lay the vengeful bolt aſide.

Inſatiate famine, flame-ey'd war,
Foul diſeaſe's ghaſtly train,
And pining grief, and agonizing pain,
Outrageous frenzy, ſullen-ey'd deſpair,
Whoſe hand determin'd graſps the dart
To drive it to her heart,
Pale-cheek'd anxiety, that knows no reſt,
And fell remorſe with ſnaky treſſes crown'd,
With all her thouſand fiends of horror round,
That pierce with guilty pangs the ſecret breaſt,
And that dread voice, that dogs the godleſs crew,
Which ſilent long, at length with awful roll,
Like thunder pealing thro' the ſhudd'ring ſoul,
Compels it to believe, and tremble too,
All at his footſtool wait his dread command:
Grim-viſag'd vengeance heads the griſly band:
Arm'd with her iron rod,
With all the flames and thunders of her God,
Her hoſt of marſhall'd ills ſhe leads below,
And deals around variety of woe.

Hail greateſt! Wiſeſt! Beſt!
While peal thy thunders, and thy lightnings glow,
Let the bold tremble, and the haughty bow,
And thrilling terrors chill the tyrant's breaſt!
But bleſt the pious, gentle, gen'rous race,
On whom, impreſs'd in many a lovely line,
The beamings of thy beauty ſhine,
With full reflected grace!
Their's is heart-cheering hope of eye ſerene,
Mild as ſome ſmiling angel's placid mien;
Their's is ſtrong-pinion'd faith, that dares the ſky;
Their's peace ethereal, ever calm and even;

Their's

Their's the rapt ſeraph's ſoul-entrancing joy;
Their's the fair dawnings of the day of Heaven.
To them thy flaming bolts no terrors bear,
While in their dread Almighty King they view
The Tender Father too,
Joy in thy love, and truſt thy faithful care.
Thus ſome bright cherub ſtands before thy ſhrine,
Fearleſs his Maker's awful form ſurveys,
Securely ſees his dreadful glories ſhine,
And in his lightning's vivid flaſhes plays.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The LUNATIC.

" SAY, hapleſs wand'rer, thro' the gloom of night,
" Why treads thy nimble foot the ſleeping earth?
" Why dims the trembling tear the ſeat of light?
" Or burſts the ſigh? to call thy ſorrows forth.
" Penſive to wander here by midnight gloom,
" In ſaddeſt ſilence thus; to haunt the plain,
" To view with frenzied eye the moping moon,
" Or gaze with rapture on the ſpangled train;
" Or luckleſs love, or guilt diſtract thy breaſt,
" The mind's fell torture, and the bane of joy;
" Or doom'd by fate to wander thus diſtreſs'd,
" The worm of conſcience pricks without alloy;
" Pale o'er thy cheek ſits grief and ſad diſmay,
" Heart-rending ſighs beſpeak thy tortur'd mind;
" O! ſtay thy wand'ring ſteps, thy grief diſplay,
" Aſſured the tear of ſympathy to find."

" Ah gentle ſtranger," thus replied the maid,
" Nor guilt, nor horror, wound my tortur'd breaſt.
" Beneath the lifeleſs ſod, in ſilence laid,
" My Henry ſleeps, deſpair denies me reſt.
" Ah pity then the anguiſh of my mind,
" As o'er his grave I pay the mournful ſigh;
" As round his tomb the faded wreath I bind,
" Suffer the tear to dim compaſſion's eye.
" Here, ſadly wand'ring thro' the ſhades of night,
" I drown with fruitleſs tears his youthful birs;
" Imagination pictures to my ſight,
" In every ſtep, his form, his image dear.
" There, gliding down the mead, the phantom ſtalks,
" And nightly meet my longing eyes the ſhade.
" 'Tis Henry's form! majeſtic as he walks,
" Or ſkims the air, or darts along the glade.
" O burſt my beating heart; nor lingering ſtay,
" Nor longer torture thus my wounded breaſt.
" Hiſt! Hiſt! my Henry calls; why this delay?
" He ſmiles, and courts me to eternal reſt.
" See, as he glides along the ſilent plain,
" Ah ſtay, dear phantom ſtay! he beckons on;
" He calls me, ſtranger. Hark! he calls again.
" I come, my Henry dear, I come, I come!"

Fix'd in a moment, fate her eyelids clos'd;
Her conſtant boſom heav'd a hollow groan;
The ſpirit to her native manſion roſe,
And all the ſparks of mortal life were flown.

Now round the ſpot, to ſacred love conſign'd,
The nymphs their ſolemn dirges chaunt and ſing;
The maiden flowers around the tomb they bind,
And oft the lovers funeral knell they ring.